TREE DAY NUMBER.

The Wellesley Prelude.

VOLUME III.—NO XXXIV.

CONTENTS.

Address of Welcome, *Mary Alice Emerson*, ... 419
Oration, *Mary Gertrude Cushing*, ... 421
Address to Undergraduates, *Cornelia Elizabeth Green*, ... 425
Poem, *Florence Wilkinson*, ... 428
Oration, *Elizabeth Hale Peale*, ... 431
Presentation of Spade, *Maud Thompson*, ... 432
Reception of Spade, *Lucy Constance Emerson*, ... 434
Tree Day, ... 434
College Notes, *Frances Lucas*, '93, *Helen R. Stahr*, '94, *Ethel Stanwood*, '94, 436
Auld Acquaintance, *Annie Sybil Montague*, '79, ... 437

JUNE 11, 1892.

GRAPHIC PRINT, NEWTON, MASS.

DR. JOHN F. DOWSLEY,

DENTIST.

MONDAY, TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY,
175 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.
THURSDAY, FRIDAY AND SATURDAY,
Clark's Block, Natick, Mass.
Mondays specially reserved for Wellesley College Students.

SHREVE, CRUMP & LOW CO

147 TREMONT STREET,
BOSTON.

Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry.
Canes, Umbrellas.
Celebrated plated Gorham Ware

Fine Stationery,
Card Engraving,
Bronze Stamping,
Makers of Programs,
Invitations and
Class Stationery.

All the Standard and the Novelties in Writing Paper, can be supplied by our
STATIONERY DEPARTMENT.

HOW TO GET RICH

EXQUISITE PERFUMES,
DELICATE and LASTING,
BY THE OUNCE
—GO TO—
CLIFFORD, Perfumer,
299 Washington Street,
Up one flight. Opp. the Old South

ARTISTS' MATERIALS
AND
NOVELTIES.

W. H. and Co.'s Oil and Water Colors, China Painting Outfits, Canvas, Brushes, Crayons, Pastels, Tapestry Colors, etc. Sketching Outfits and Etching Materials. Engineers' and Draftsmen's Supplies.

WADSWORTH, HOWLAND & CO,.

82 & 84 WASHINGTON STREET.
BOSTON.

Catalogue Free by Mail.

LILLIES OF THE VALLEY.

J. TAILBY & SON,
FLORISTS
OPPOSITE
RAILROAD STATION, WELLESLEY.

Cut Flowers and Plants of the Choicest Varieties on hand. Floral designs for all occasions arranged at shortest notice. Orders by mail or otherwise promptly attended to. Flowers carefully packed and forwarded to all parts of the United States and Canada.

NO ACIDS,
AND
CLOTHING DRIED OUT OF DOORS
AT THE
ELLESLEY STEAM LAUNDRY.
MRS. D. F. MORSE
PROPRIETRESS.

FRENCH MILLINERY

A Choice Assortment of Trimmed and Untrimmed Hats and Millinery Novelties.
Skilled work done at short notice.

MRS. M. H. KIMBALL,

Melrose Street, - Auburndale.

WILLIAM TUFTS,

Caterer and Confectioner,

ODD FELLOWS' BUILDING,

513 * TREMONT * STREET, * BOSTON.

TELEPHONE No. 134.

PIANOS AND ORGANS.

The MASON & HAMLIN improved method of Stringing, produces remarkable refinement of tone and phenomenal capacity to stand in tune.

These Pianos are consequently excellent for Renting.

Sold for Cash or Easy Payments.

100 different Styles of Organs $22 to $1200.

Mason & Hamlin Organs have received Highest Awards at all great world's Exhibitions at which they have been exhibited since 1867

Organs Rented till Rent pays for them.

CATALOGUES FREE.

Mason & Hamlin Organ and Piano Co.,

Boston, New York and Chicago.

Mason & Hamlin Hall, 154 and 155 Tremont Street, Boston.

The American and Foreign Teachers' Bureau,

No. 3 Park Street, Boston Mass.

Has Educational, Musical, Lecture, Business, and Domestic Departments. Thoroughly Competent Persons with highest Testimonials desired as candidates and introduced to Schools, Colleges, Business Houses, and Families. Recomends Homes and Schools in Europe. Circulars give full particulars. Best of References.

HOTEL BELLEVUE,

Beacon St., Boston.

EUROPEAN PLAN.

A quiet Hotel of rare excellence, situated on Beacon Hill, near the State House, and convenient to all large stores and places of amusement.

CAFÉ.

The new Café is now open and it is already greatly appreciated by Ladies when in the city shopping, its location, **17 Beacon St.**, being quiet and accessible.

Meals are served on the European Plan at reasonable prices. Service and Cuisine unsurpassed.

Wellesley Students and their friends are cordially invited to visit this perfectly appointed Café,

S. R. SMITH,
Manager.

BOSTON & ALBANY RAILROAD.

—ONLY—

First-Class Through Car Route TO THE WEST!

On and after May 15th, 1892.

THROUGH TRAINS LEAVE BOSTON,

8.30 A.M. (ex. Sunday) Day Express.
10.30 A.M. Daily, "Chicago Special."
2.00 P.M. Daily, North Shore Limited.
3.00 P. M. Except Sunday, Western Express.
5.00 P.M. Daily, Cincinnati and St. Louis, Special.
6.45 P.M. Daily, Pacific Express.

SPRINGFIELD LINE

—FOR—

Hartford, New Haven and New York.

Leave Boston.	Ar. New York.
9.00 A.M.	3.30 P.M
11.00 A.M.	5.30 P.M
‡12.00 Noon.	5.40 P.M.
4.00 P.M.*	10.00 P.M.
11.00 P.M.*	6.45 A.M.

*Run Daily.

‡ Special ticket and parlor car seat required on this train.

☞For tickets, information, time tables, etc., apply to nearest ticket agent.

City Office, 232 Washington Street.

—OR AT—

Station, Kneeland Street, Boston

A. S. HANSON, Gen. Agent.

DANA HALL,
Wellesley, Mass.

Thorough preparation for collegiate work. Advanced courses in the French and German languages, and in Music. Graduates enter Wellesley College without examination. Application should be made before the 1st of June.

JULIA A. EASTMAN.
SARAH P. EASTMAN.
Associate Principals.

WOMEN'S MEDICAL COLLEGE

OF THE NEW YORK INFIRMARY.

321 East 15th Street, New York.

Sessions 91-92 will open October 1, 1891. Three years' Graded Course. Instruction by Lectures, Clinics, Recitations, and practical work under supervision in Laboratories and Dispensary of College, and in N. Y. Infirmary.

Clinics and operations in most of the City Hospitals and Dispensaries open to women students.

For catalogues, etc., address

EMILY BLACKWELL, M. D.
35-36t **321 East 15th Street, New York.**

EASTERN TEACHER'S AGENCY.

Good teachers constantly needed.
E. F. FOSTER, Manager,

Application Form and Circulars sent on request.
50 Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass.

And the tongue of the stammerer shall be ready to speak plainly.—ISAIAH XXXII, 4.

PROF. GRADY

THE STAMMERER'S FRIEND.

STAMMERING AND STUTTERING

CURED FOR LIFE.

Boston Stammering Institute.

AND

TRAINING SCHOOL.

PRIVATE OFFICES,

41 TREMONT STREET, AND 27 PEMBERTON SQUARE, BOSTON MASS.

Consultation Free. Send for Circulars.

What Rev. C. E. Davis, formerly Pastor of Peoples Church, Boston, says:—I am confident of Prof. Grady's ability toofconquer all cases of stammering. Not only because I have seen a stammerer cured by him, but because of the *truth of his system.*

C. E. DAVIS, Pastor M. E. Church, Melrose, Mass.

THE WELLESLEY PRELUDE.

VOL. III. NEWTON, MASS., JUNE 11, 1892. No. 34.

The Wellesley Prelude.

Edited by the Students of Wellesley College and published weekly during the college year. Price $2.00 a year. Weekly copies 5 cents. Monthly copies 15 cents.

EDITORS:

BLANCHE B. BAKER, '92.

JANET E. DAVIDSON, '92. AGNES S. HOLBROOK, '92.
HELEN G. EAGER, '93 CAROLINE N. NEWMAN, '93.
HELEN R. STAHR, '94 FRANCES LUCAS, '94.
ETHEL STANWOOD, '94. ANNIE SYBIL MONTAGUE, '79.

MISS CAROLINE MUDGETT, SP.

All literary communications from the students of the college should be sent to the LITERARY EDITOR OF THE PRELUDE, through the PRELUDE box in the general office. Literary communications from outside the College should be directed to the Alumnæ Editor. Miss Annie Sybil Montague, Wellesley College Wellesley, Mass.

Subscriptions and all business communications should be sent *in all cases*, to Helen Eager, Wellesley College, Wellesley Mass.

Advertisements should be addressed to Mr. Fred W. Walker 74 Tremont street, Room 21, Boston, Mass.

Entered as Second Class Matter at Post Office, Newton, Mass

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

Exiturae Salutamus! In accordance with a time-honored privilege, we who are about to leave the College Beautiful bring the first greetings of this gala day. First, did I say? Human lips can but faintly echo the royal welcome which nature all day long proclaims by every bursting bud and singing bird: yet we, too, would bid you all a hearty welcome to another Wellesley Tree Day.

Who but Wellesley's daughters know the meaning of a summons to this gladdest day of all the year? June, the queen alike of spring and summer, lavishes her double store of beauty all around us. We feel the wondrous hush as

"——Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays,"

and anon the mighty stir of the clod,

"That it stinct within it that reaches and towers,
And groping blindly above it for light
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers."

Untrammeled for a time by routine and convention, we experience the joy of yielding unreservedly to nature's festal mood, and in the sweet communion, we perchance discover some truth as real as life itself.

Tender memories cluster about our Tree Day, for the achievements and hopes of bygone days are as a cloud of silent witnesses. Visions of the future also rise before us, making more real the happy duty of the present. Standing today in closest fellowship with all the members of our College family, we pledge ourselves anew in loving loyalty to Alma Mater, thus reforging the golden fetters that bind us to the Wellesley of the past and future. And you, the friends whose presence makes this happy Tree Day, again we give you, one and all, a hearty welcome!

Exiturae Salutamus! not a sad cry, such as went to Imperial Cæsar from the combatants of old, do we send you today, but the salutation of those who bravely, if regretfully, leave you for the contest of the world's arena. We would fain have greeted you from beneath the wide-spreading branches of that oak which we so proudly planted three years ago, but nature decrees slow growth to our sturdy tree, and today we speak from out the shadow of these towers and spires.

We hail this visible Wellesley, with classic

halls, its "wealth of woods and waters," with a lingering fondness such as only those may know who, like us, have called it home. And above all, we proudly salute that intangible, immortal and all-glorious Wellesley, to whose ideals the womanhood of all the future shall pay tribute.

The thought of the founders of this College, and the guardians of its expanding life, is ever with us on a day like this, and to these who have made the great Ideal the greater Real, words inadequately express our gratitude.

It is a peculiar pleasure to welcome so many friends of former days. Again you bring us stirring bulletins from that outer world for whose conflicts we have been preparing, and your discriminating warning and encouragement nerve us to braver effort.

Wellesley's elder daughters turn today with loyal welcome to her whose presence is doubly prized when we remember how last year we missed her from the circle. If we who greet you now, bring any laurels from the future's hardwon fights, we would lay them in loving tribute at the feet of one whose high scholarship, staunch integrity and rare sympathy will be a life-long inspiration.

And you, who with her, for four years have guided us to that honest search for truth which trains intellect and moulds character, who have stimulated to greater zeal and restrained to wiser patience, who have roused to more undaunted courage against the misfortunes of life and inspired to firmer faith in the possibilities of human achievements—we give you cordial, grateful, reverent greeting.

What shall we say to you, our daily comrades, who year by year in turn will take our places? From our hearts we thank you for the friendship which has ever stimulated us to more earnest efforts toward the end of our common aspiration.

Most noble Walküren, in whose protection we delight today as we welcome you to the responsibilities and privileges of Seniors, we foresee how gracefully and valiantly you will direct all that warfare which the enthusiasm of brave hearts shall prompt for the defense of the Right and the True.

O band of merry jesters, we give you cordial greeting, too! Today, as many a time before, we have to thank you for heart-cheering jollity, so true that even now in folly's masquerade it does not hide the earnestness beneath. Lose neither the gay mirth, nor the wise zeal, we beg you, when the future brings you more of care.

To you, invading hordes, we can only repeat the welcome accorded long ago. Your large numbers and your gallant attack would have forced capitulation from an enemy, but we saw in the new-comers to the shores of Lake Waban only a relay of friendly comrades, and we opened wide our ports. Thrice welcome, '95, to your first Wellesley Tree Day.

You maidens from the sunny south, right glad are we to hail you as our youngest sisters, and bid you grace this happy celebration.

And you who dazzle our eyes in the garb of ancient pageantry can never doubt you have a welcome befitting the immortal character of your organization.

But not alone to this Tree Day gathering, do we welcome you, O Wellesley's daughters!. Never has life opened richer or fuller opportunities to college women than it does to you today. Genuine progress, true development are the watchwords of the hour. Have you not stood in some intellectual or spiritual valley, hemmed in by arbitrary custom and belief, and felt that for you the limit of achievement was reached? Standing later on some lofty mountain top of thought, have you not caught a bewildering glimpse of the land you might possess if only you know how to gain and keep it, and have you not felt the paralysis of self-distrust creeping over you? Believe us, the message of the hour is a hope

ful one, and "only to be living is sublime." We of the present welcome you of the future to larger opportunities, higher standards and nobler service than has yet been known. *Exituræ Salutamus*! We bid you to all the hopes and fears, the disappointments and the victories we have known, and better still to *your own* heritage, made more precious by the new demands of every passing hour. To all this we who go welcome you cordially, and we charge you by our mutual love for Alma Mater, hold your rich blessings as a sacred trust.

Beloved classmates, *vos saluto*! we who have greeted our friends so bravely may perhaps feel some sinking of heart at thought of the combat to which we go. But for us, too, things yet to be are best. Our most trusty weapon in the coming struggle with ignorance and sin, will still be ep alatheia.

For the truth! The battle will begin with the soul's stand for candor with itself. Whether from a desire to please or from a tendency to jump at conclusions, we shall sometimes find ourselves liable to self-deception. Even now we may be tempted to beg questions, to shut our eyes to realities, and to find far-fetched reasons for courses of action which we wish to pursue. And is this not because we dare not face some truth which is unpalatable in itself, or is the premise of a conclusion which we refuse to accept? After owardice is conquered, vanity and sloth may tempt us with the specious counsel that truth is apprehended of great souls without such arduous effort. Selfishness, with its fear of being eccentric or unpopular, may even add its force toward making us untrue. Yet cowardice, vanity and selfishness shall not prevail. It surely lies with our cultured, Christian college women, of quick intuition, tactful sympathy and highminded conscientiousness to defend woman's reputation for intellectual and spiritual honesty.

But there will also be a struggle for the truth of independent action. We can not blindly follow the standards and methods of some party, debarred from originality by the taunt of bigotry or cowardice. Knowing the truth for ourselves we may not, on the other hand, lapse into the insincerity of inaction. If we shrink from being misunderstood, let us remember that there is no surer proof of weakness than the fear of being called weak. If we fear the soul's solitariness in the combat, may we not rely upon the Final Truth to stay the heart, and free the spirit?

I welcome you to the coming struggle. A struggle which of itself is ample reward, and from which you shall come forth your true, your noblest selves. As our own poet friend has sung.

"That which thou would'st be thou must be,
that which thou shall be thou art;
As the oak, astir in the acorn the dull earth
rendeth apart,
So, thou, the seed of thy longing, that breaketh
and maketh the heart."

Mary Alice Emerson.

TRADITIONS.

MARY GERTRUDE CUSHING.

As we look back along the ages at the nations and the institutions which have helped to make the life of the world, we like best to linger over the more subtle and often unnoted influences which have nursed their growth and marked their progress. Interwoven with the history of every nation and every institution we find the traditions born of the beliefs and customs of its ancestors, by which its future is determined, its character marked out. The nations to whom we are indebted for our modern civilizations were built up, in great measure, by tradition. The Greeks and Romans became, from century to century, what their ancestors had been before them. Their life, their character, their destiny, was determined by the life

and character of their fathers. Their religion, their ideals, their institutions, were the embodiments of tradition. So has it been throughout all time. It is more than eighteen centuries since an earnest man in Athens, wrote to a small company of followers, "Stand fast, and hold the traditions which ye have been taught," and yet, by obedience to this command, that little church in Thessalonica still moulds our modern Christian life.

There is a strange romance and mystery in all traditions which have left their impress upon our modern thought, which are rarely understood, which some despise and others ignore, and yet which have silently and powerfully influenced the world.

Stranger still, and more mysterious, are the traditions which we ourselves are making, half unconscious of our power, and seeing dimly what we are preparing for those who shall succeed us. Standing in the clear light of the present, it is hard for the men and women of today to realize that in their hands lies the future of the nation, as truly as in the hands of the Roman people lay the destiny of Rome; that within their grasp are held influences which shall become permanent sources of power in the institutions of the future. If this be true of men and women everywhere, it is not strange that we, the college women of the present, who have but lately come into possession of a new life, should vaguely understand that we are making history, and that we hold in our hands the future of our college. What shall that future be? Now, it is young and fair, in name and fame, unsullied and unstained by time. But ever as it grows, hour by hour and day by day, we, who breathe into it the spirit of its life, are making traditions which shall cling around it, and shall be handed down to those who shall follow in our footsteps. What are the traditions we are making? What mean we, when we shall say to the Wellesley of the future, "Stand fast, and hold the traditions which ye have been taught?"

To understand the importance of our college traditions, we must understand the time in which we live. Intellectually, it is an age of analysis and criticism, a century of transition and of change. Scientific inquiry pushes its way into every recess of the material and spiritual world. The search for truth occupies the thoughts of men. Spiritually, it is a time of far reaching, earnest endeavor to realize the brotherhood of man, of the attempt to bring together closer than ever before, all classes of men in unity and love. In the midst of these varied movements, a new element has come, the influence of woman's education is making itself felt. The doubt and prejudice of the olden time are struggling with the certainty and reason of the new. The world is watching and waiting for the result. It has turned its eyes upon college women to judge by them the women of the future, and by the college women of the present is judged the college that is, and predicted the college that is to be.

Few are the traditions which have come down to us from the Wellesley of the past. But as the sunlight streams across the years, small in number though they be, we seem to see a company of women, earnest-eyed, who thought of us and planned for us, and who stretched their hands across the distance, saying, "Stand fast, and hold the traditions which ye have been taught." Listen, and you shall hear their voices faintly echoing through the reach of time. Hark! What do they say?

"As we were taught by him who gave us Wellesley, so send we, as our message, his teaching on to you.

"You shall make the first Sunday of your year beautiful with flowers and with the thought of the love of God. Flower Sunday shall come to you as you cross the college threshold, as a welcome and a greeting from those who have already trod the path your steps shall take.

Here shall be the promise and the symbol of your college life, a foreshadowing of its earnestness, a prophecy of its beauty.

"You shall make one day of all the year, a day of boating and of song. Float Day shall be to you precious as an heritage from the past, as the expression of the strength and beauty of physical development.

"One day you shall choose and plant a tree which shall live with you and grow with you through the years of your college life. For four years shall you watch and cherish it as the symbol of your life and of your growth, and, before the college doors shall close behind you, you shall bid your tree farewell, and give a welcome to the one which those just come are planting.

"You shall make the day bright with quaint costume and glad with dance and song. It shall be joyous in its welcome, sad in its farewell. Tree Day shall come to you bright with promise for the future, rich in fulfillment of the past. You shall keep and cherish it as your inheritance from us, you shall send it down the years as a tradition from the Wellesley of long ago.

"These things he has taught us. And as the college grew in broader culture and in deeper thought, these words were graven on our hearts, and these we give to you.

"You shall celebrate the anniversary of your founder's death. You shall think of him with gratitude and speak of him with reverence. You shall remember him in story and in song"

"In your intellectual thought and life, you shall stop short of nothing but the truth. You shall spread the name of Wellesley throughout the breadth of the land. You shall make her name respected in the world."

The voices cease, the sunlight goes, the vision fades away. Is this all their message? Few are these, the things which they have taught us, few compared to the many customs and traditions found in older colleges. But though they be few, there is life and fervor in them, and already, round about them cling memories that make them dear to all. And as we, from our vantage ground, look back once again to those who have given us the Wellesley of today, those who nursed it in its infancy and made it grow, we may interpret their hopes and their desires. We know that for their Alma Mater they gave their love and devotion, their service and their strength. And we see what untiring perseverance, what nobleness and steadfastness of purpose mark their work. They have given us our college strong in the beauty of her youth. It remains for us today, as Wellesley is growing out of childhood to maturity, to send down through the years, traditions so glorious, so beautiful, so strong, that they shall make into reality the ideal we now are seeking.

Well and faithfully we have kept the traditions which we have. We have listened to the voices of the past, we have followed their command. We too have been making our traditions, thinking of the years to come. We have bidden Wellesley speak for us to the world, and she has answered with her paper and her annual. We bid her sing, and she replies with the voices of her Glee Club and the music of her songs. We bid her call, and from seven hundred voices rises the college cheer, "Wellesley! Wellesley!" it echoes through the halls and all the air is pulsating with the sound. Loyalty and devotion and love and honor and reverence and service, are we ringing down the years through the music of our cry.

Shall we do more than these? Shall we make straightway more traditions for the Wellesley in years to come? Who shall say what the broader culture and clearer vision of the future college woman shall bring to Wellesley? For as the college grows they spring into being by very virtue of its growth, by the necessity for their existence. And the traditions made by

those who love and cherish Wellesley, the traditions made with thoughts ever for her future, shall be more numerous as the years go on, shall be strong as the college grows in strength, beautiful as she grows in beauty.

These of which we have spoken, these which we have made, these which we are making are material, external things. We give them to the future as our inheritance from the past, our legacy to coming years. But we are, unconsciously and unknowingly, making others more numerous than we can count, more important than we know. They are the traditions that spring from our unrecorded and unnoted acts and thoughts, and which, passing into our common life, become great and powerful influences to determine Wellesley's future. For they lie in our lives as college women, they are the results of our thought, our influence, our speech. They determine whether this new life upon which the women of the century are entering shall be success or failure. They embody, in the influence of the college, the influence of educated womanhood. With the responsibility of the future resting thus upon us, shall we dare send as our message through the years, "Stand fast and hold the traditions which ye have been taught"? What traditions are we teaching?

As if we listen, we may hear the voices of the past, so, if we will, we may gaze into the future, where the traditions we have made have become permanent, and potent for good or ill.

Look! Far away the mists are rising from the years that are yet unborn, the clouds are slowly breaking, the sunlight streams its radiance across the stretch of time. I see the towers of Wellesley rising from the mist, I catch the shimmer of the sunlight that lies on Waban water.

I see a company of women who throng the college halls. I hear the murmur of their voices, and see them moving to and fro. There is calm upon their faces, there is earnestness in their eyes. They are strong of head and heart, firm to stand and quick to serve, and I know that they are. "Not to be ministered unto, but to minister." They possess the strength and beauty of physical development, and they are known throughout the land for the perfection of their womanhood.

I see that their intellectual life is broad and deep; that truth is the keynote of their search for knowledge; that knowledge itself is but a means toward an end. I know that all they gain they shall give to others by their lips and by their lives, and they shall join with those who are searching, searching for the truth.

I see that the culture that they are seeking is as broad as human thought, as deep as the human soul; that it is not encompassed within the books they read; and that the forces of the outside world, which together work for good or ill, find interest in their eyes, find consideration in their thoughts.

I see that they are noble and high in aim; that they are fettered by no pettiness of purpose, no narrowness of ideal. They have solved the problems that vexed us here, and confront the new ones that arise with courage and discernment.

I see that they are loyal to the heart; that they give their devotion and their service to their College, and will allow no slander to rest upon her name, no stain upon her honor. When they leave her they will work for her with gladness, and through their lives shall cherish her who so long has cherished them.

I see that their ideal still moves before them as they go. By the daily striving for so much of it as they may grasp, they grow nobler as the years pass on, and are ever pressing forward into the light of the truth that shall make them free.

And as I gaze, I hear again the murmur of many voices coming to me through the mist.

They are bearing back to us through the years, words which should make our hearts rejoice.

"Behold! We have listened to your voice, we have hearkened to your command. The strength, the beauty the purity, of Wellesley, the perfectness of her ideal, the nobleness of her reality, all are yours. She has come to us in her nobility and beauty as a sacred gift from you. You have made her what she is, you have entrusted her to us. She is ours to love, to honor, and to reverence, she stands in the world for power and for strength. It is so, because years before us, you sent us as your message, and because we have obeyed your words. "Stand fast, and hold the traditions which ye have been taught."

ADDRESS TO UNDERGRADUATES.

Friends—for I take the opportunity to call you all friends before my speech begins—friends, the tale it is my share to tell is a plain, unvarnished one; and, besides being plain, is unnecessary, for I am here to make grinds, and Wellesley has made grinds of most of us already.

Nevertheless, plain and unnecessary as my task may be, it is with a thankful heart that I am standing here—thankful because I realize the difference between what is and what might have been. Seniors, it is to you I owe it, that I am not now discoursing before a large assembled multitude of mothers and fathers and sisters and brothers and aunts and uncles and cousins, on some theme usually deemed appropriate for Class-Day exercises, such as, "The Influence of Diogenes upon Modern Thought." or "The Spherical Triangle as Related to the Inner Life," some subject which should "show the world what Wellesley girls are doing." Sad it is that for one year more the mothers and fathers and sisters and brothers and aunts, etc., must remain in the blackness of ignorance, concerning that influential Diogenes and that interesting spherical triangle, and then on '93's Class Day their poor blind souls shall be enlightened.

'93, the lot of the reformer was ever a hard one, but still do not be discouraged; show your common sense and persevere. What if you attain nothing! Nothing is higher than perfection, so if you attain nothing you will have reached higher than perfection. By common sense, then, you will be elevated beyond the highest, and common sense will lift you up if you wait long enough for it to come.

'93, it is no hardship to be obliged to wait. Our stern authorities have decreed that Wellesley students must be waiters, besides being sweepers and dusters, and they say that a broad democratic spirit and true domestic felicity will be the result. Is not that an end worth striving for? Besides, you have so many good qualities to make up for the lack of one. There is, for example, discrimination; no one could deny you that, for you have shown that with every member of the Sophomore class before you, you know perfectly "Which is Which." Then there is energy and ability which will soon be manifested through the columns of the "Wellesley Magazine." Good success attend you, and may our present paper be truly a Prelude to the inspiring strains which we are soon to hear!

There is one more thing which must not be passed over without hearty commendation; that is your sensible resolution to do your Junior Promenading by day-light, instead of by lantern light, or worse still—by no light at all. You make no mention of a garden-party, but what's in a name? '93, I can leave you with no higher praise than that you have done well to follow in the steps of '92.

'94, there is so much to praise in you that I do not know where to begin, and you are so fully convinced of the fact yourselves that perhaps there is no need of beginning anywhere.

However, for the benefit of '95, and our little friend '96, it may be useful to show off one or two of your good points.

First and foremost, let me recommend your frankness. Even as you sit here before us it is evident. Few classes would be willing to confess so openly and so unhesitatingly that they were fools. You soften the expression into "wise fools," but remember the good old saying, "Fools are fools whatever else they be."

Another of your good points is your athletic disposition. This is showing itself in two directions: in a tendency te get ahead of '93 on the Tennis Association, and in a wholesome scorn for tubs. I fear the getting this boating enthusiasm into you was rather uphill work, but still it is there now, as it *was hoped* would be also that sweetness long drawn-out which calls itself the "Waban Annung." "Star of the East" is a most poetic name, yet from all accounts it must be more like a comet than a star. It was, on the whole, a wise thing in consideration of your well-known quarrelsome disposition, to make the boat long enough for you to sit on separate seats, and as far apart as possible, for you will not be so apt to fall out, at Float. And if you should fall out at Float, you might not float at falling out. Waban Annung can hardly be called a shell, but half-shell is not too dignified a name for it, and '94 on the half-shell will be delicious.

'95, let me announce that I do not intend to be patronizing. I know it is the proper thing, when addressing Freshmen, to assume a lofty and dignified air: to make startlingly original jokes on the worn-out subject of freshness; in short, the address to undergraduates is supposed to reach its climax in scathing snubbiness with Freshmen. This however is is not my plan. Whatever freshness you possessed when you entered must have been rubbed well into you by this time, or else have been rubbed well out of you, which would be better still.

However that may be, the past is the past. It is Wellesley of the future which suggests itself to my mind in connection with '95,—Wellesley and its needs: and the fulfillment of those needs depends upon—from the depths of my heart I say it—the fulfillment of those needs depends upon money. The thought of raising money has not yet occured to '95, for her merciless instructors have given her something else to raise. She has been forced—poor creature, to raise the standard: and so high up has she raised it, that it now overlooks even towering Sophomore Math.

Since you have done this work so well, '95, you may now turn your attention to the other more mercenary work; and let me suggest to you a few plans which may help you towards your end. Perhaps you know that sometime we are to have a new Chapel, (it would be a comfort to know it, I am sure) and being members of the Wellesley College Chapel Fund Association, perhaps you know also the Chapel is so rapidly drawing near that only about ninety-five thousand is now needed to complete the edifice. It may seem a cruel thing to say, but just at present, I fear Wellesley needs ninety-five thousand more than she needs ninety-five.

Now, there are other things that Wellesley needs besides a new Chapel. How many of us, wending our homeward way, weary and footsore, and attempting to ascend those unascendable College or Stone Hall steps have sunk down in despair, and wondered whether life was worth living! Why not form a Wellesley College Steps Fund Association? By interesting the incoming Freshmen in the movement: by electing competent committees from each class; by obtaining a list of the rich and benevolent men of the country, and using this list judiciously, I see no reason—judging from the energy which Wellesley

usually displays in improvements—why we should not have new steps within thirty years. The rich and benevolent men of the country have shown themselves so very rich and so extremely benevolent that through their means $5000 has been added to the Chapel fund,—I mean, of course, excepting the $4,999.99 which had been raised before

Or, there is another plan which might bring what we want even more rapidly. I refer to the possibility offered by our General Bulletin Board. This organ, as you know, keeps us daily informed on the subject of disasters in general, such as strikes, floods, and railroad smashes, and one disaster in particular, which is, the exact amount of millions of dollars bequeathed to all colleges, rich enough not to need it. Now, '95, if, through your tact, some promising millionaire could be decoyed within our halls and promenaded past the library door, his heart must be wrung by that pitiful presentation on the black-board, and he would rescue us from our distress.

One other plan I shall suggest. If you ever elect an honorary member, wait till he sends you fifty dollars for winter sports, and then just note it over for Stone Hall steps. It would be quite as sensible as devoting it to a clay tennis court to be laid out about the time you graduate, as '92 did. It would not be so unselfish, for you would get some benefit out of it yourselves, but as far as unselfishness goes, no one need attempt to compete with '92.

In short, there are as many ways of raising money to bring improvements as there are improvements to bring. These countless improvements probably occur to you while I am speaking. There is, for example, "The Backwoodsman," who would be vastly improved by being carried off to his proper sphere, the back woods. There is our boat-house, a fantastic representation of which was exhibited on the night of the Glee Club Concert. Let me recommend this same fantastic representation to all Senior Rhetoricians, for it displays, "The Penetrative Power of Imagination" to a degree which should delight the heart of the whole Rhetoric department.

There is also our trusty Fire Brigade. If a fire engine could be bought and other necessary utensils, the students with frequent and thorough training which they are now undergoing would be able to fly to the rescue of any burning faculty, and the fire apparatus of Wellesley village be no longer in such demand.

'95, upon you rests the responsibility of all these improvements. There is one, however, which has been brought about without your help. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Seniors and Juniors has this last term, taken its first step towards organization. "The Senior and Junior vacation" is an advance which '92 and '93 will join in upholding. And the College besides gaining in the good work of its students, has gained also in another way, for the midnight oil which but for this, must have been burned, would have cost a fortune.

Shall I give you another suggestion, Freshmen? Do your work well, whatever you undertake. Work well done is worth a great deal, and one can come very near it, and at the same time be very far from it. '92's class photographer has shown that what is by George Waldon is not always—by George, well done. The difference in this case is only the difference between a and e, but that is all the difference in the world; it is the difference between a high mark and a condition.

We must not be too hard on our class photographer, however. It was he who offered us that astounding reduction:—"Class albums, two dollars; without the faculty twenty-five cents cheaper,"—twenty-five cents a hundred, one quarter of a cent a head, and such big heads! We surely ought not to complain at our being forced by Mr. Smith to give one

quarter of a cent apiece for the pleasure of seeing our beloved instructors forever, when our poor friends outside are forced by Mr. Bailey to give eighty times as much, twenty cents, for the pleasure of seeing us once. Of course we are glad to have Mr. Bailey recognize our worth but he is working against his profit; for, as in base-ball by poor coaching, men are put out and lose a run, so here, by poor coaching men are put out and gain a walk.

But I have wandered from my subject. I was about to indulge in a solemn parting adjuration to '95, and little '96 can be included too, if she likes, against superficiality. A little of everything, and nothing in particular you seem to have made your motto today. Do not make it your motto through life. I do not mean by this that I recommend specializing. That tends to a morbid sentimentality which may result in an over fondness for that most sentimental of places, Tupelo. Many ordinary individuals have that name graven on their hearts, but it is only Specials who have it graven on their boat and on their caps.

Specials, I am glad you are sentimental; otherwise, I could find nothing to say about you; and even if you are sentimental you have not indulged in hero-worship. You have not eyed every unsuspecting minister, author, or congressman who has appeared upon the scene, in the light of a possible honorary member. You have not suffered the humiliation of being ignored with the frigidity of Siberia, for the sake of heading your class list with a famous name. Yet, on the other hand, you have not had the inspiration of an honorary member like Dr. Rainsford of '92.

Friends, my time is up; I make my adieux. You see I call you friends still. You must accept my grinds, for it is '92's only chance this year. You may call my jokes ancient. You may go so far as to say they came out of the Ark, but that very fact proves that they have survived the Deluge.

Cornelia E. Green, '92.

POEM.

Iaie Mother of men! *Iaie*, Earth, Mother Gaia!
With Lydian song we salute thee and oath of *ep alathera.*
In Mysian meadows of old, where narcissus and violet grew,
Persephone roamed like the bee, tawny tippler of honey and dew.
Ambrosial clover was there, sweet-topped where Persephone played
Knee-deep in the heather and fern—ah, divine, ah! ill-fated maid!
Iaie, Mother of men! and Demeter, *ep alathera.*
Thou slumbering voice, O rejoice, awaked by our seven-stringed lyre!

Far in the morning of times, when the swift streaming ocean swirled
Round us and ever around, like serpent encircling the world,
When the uttermost land was of night, unapproachable, dreadful to name,
When the dizzying steeps of the sky were trampled by horses of flames,
When the sowing and mowing seasons were watched by ruddy Demeter
And the bearded barley bowed and the hoary corn to greet her,
Far in the morning of times were a people with lives aflower
And sung to by swallows of hope, of hope, Persephone's dower.

SWALLOW SONG.

Swallow, swallow, tell me, sweet,
Whither, whither dost thou fleet?
For what shores
Are thine oars
Winging with their plashless beat?

Follow, follow where I lead,
Hither, hither lightly speed.
Amaryllis,
Daffodillies,
Let them brighten glen and mead.

It was spring that the swallow brought, in diaphanous green misty-veiled,
Silver-limbed like a naiad or birch tree, with beautiful vestures that trailed,

In fragrant and faint-tinted fringes of iris by low river-side
With snow-drops at touch of her fingers and daffodils under her glide.
And for pastimes this race of the children, this race of the blithe Hellenes,
Had festivals fair, laughter loving, the ills of the heart to ease.
With maiden-procession of voices, with pæan and wild dithyramb.
With harp and cithern and lute and Æolian-wedded iamb
When under Orion at night the lampadephoroi sped
And by day the rose-crowns were wreathed for the bright-hearted Diokles dead.
Amarynthian rites were held with shouts of *Io* and *Ia*
And the Eleutheria hailed with triumphal *Alalala.*
Even Herakles bore when a boy laurel branches for gold-haired Apollo,
Bright sun-god of sacred Eleusis, from Tempe's delectable hollow,
But of all the festivals brought by the slow sweet Hours in their urn,
Was the Bearing of Blossoms the best, for Persephone's happy return.
Then the Anthesphoroi went, by garlands each linked to the other,
Lilting out the joy of Demeter, the stern winter-sorrowing mother.

LINOS SONG.

Waiting ever, weary sitter,
By the altar of Eleusis,
Long the winter is and bitter
To her warring heart no truce is.
Hate she chooses.

Hark! she hears a footstep springing,
Light upon the leaves as fawn is,
Up, Persephone is singing,
Green beneath her feet the lawn is,
Fair as dawn is.

Like a fluttering wreath of flowers, with life Promethean fired,
In silken tissue of petals and satin of sepals attired.
Like a humming-bird's airy poise, lit so on the asphodel sward,
Rosy-kissed by the sun, caressed by the breeze, by the earth adored,
The chorus of maidens is such, or butterflies born for a day
Nay, hopes that are mothered by Iris and memories not grown grey.
I behold where others may not, an invisible host with us here,
And ones that long ago vanished, hidden by year upon year.
Shadow-like, fleeting figures, trooping through Pluto's dark portal
With remembering looks they come and Lethean flowers immortal.
Flamboyant the turbaned tulips lift barbaric oblation
Or perchance they would fill their bowl with rain for a due lustration.
There are some in garments of purple, pale like the twilight sea,
That sway in the breeze and a fragrance is wafted over the lea,
A wonderful fragrance that surely was mingled in courts above,
By wind-footed Hebe perhaps or delicate-fingered Love,
When for Cybele, mountain-mother, a marvel was mixed of perfume,
Far sweeter than hyacinth, lily or any Hellenic bloom.
Like Persians they turn to the light, faithful votaries of the sun,
Thir heliotrope censers they swing till their orisons all are done.
Now a sweet sisterhood from the green-glooming wood on Kithairon's hill,
When a white torrent falls against rocky walls, all beside is still,
Save a bird warbling once from his leaf-covered sconce, then abashed at his song
All day remains mute nor ventures his suit till the shadows long
Huddled close in the aisles of the forest crumpled green of feather and flake,
They whisper their terror of Pan who tears with his hoofs thro' the brake.
The tresses of some are crinkling like maiden-hair, mermaiden-green
But Helios by glint of his glances would change them to golden sheen.

FERN SONG.

Green and fronded fern,
In your soul you yearn
For great glory,
Place in story,
Palm of fame to earn

Aiai, aiai, ai '91,
The witty pun, the fiery fun.

Fronded fern of green,
It is yours, I ween,
Place in story,
Wisdom hoary,
Given for us to glean.
Io, io, O '91!
Io, io, O life begun!

Fresh upon honied Hymettus, the clover is crimson and white,
There in his tapestried tavern, the belted bee drowses all night.
From the clover upon Parnassus the nightingale nectar sips,
And mingles her solo with song from the Muse's melodious lips.
And tufted along the pastures where Apollo's cattle graze,
Their purple-red turrets of incense they raise in Demeter's praise.
And their triplicate leaf, crescent-shaded, is sign, so they say, without price
Of fairest good fortune to men, like the thrice-triple throw of the dice.

CLOVER SONG.

Clover, pink and white,
Clover our delight,
Clover tosses,
Care and crosses
Into by-gone night.
Io, io, O '92!
Io, io, for pastures new!

Clover, white and pink,
Clover, do not shrink,
Not from sorrow,
For the morrow
May be trouble's brink,
Io, io, O '92!
Io, io, for the true!

Now a vision of velvet cheeked maidens, with eyes dark-fringed and deep
Pensive lipped and with faces as placid as one in the soft arms of sleep.
Pansy, of golden and white, the Olympian violet's sister,—
It is heart's ease for all mortal sorrow, for the heart's consuming blister.
A potent spell against pain, like the marvelous herb named moly
Black root, bearing blossom of snow, for a charm against guiles unholy.

Grave Priestesses they of the flowers, inspired with oracular fancies,
They are sibylline ever and sad, the meek, the mysterious pansies.

PANSY SONG.

Pansy, priestess wise,
With far-seeing eyes,
Canst thou spell it,
Or foretell it,
How thy future lies?
Aiai, aiai for '93.
The Jubilee, the Junior spree!

Pansy, do not fret,
We would not forget
All thy jolly
Tripping folly,
Time for culture yet.
Io, io, O '93!
O unity, O unity!

Down by the lake's reedy margin, the heron stops, lonely, to drink,
And the water-cress flames in confusion, along by the water's green brink,
Crimson and yellow and scarlet and orange its flowers are glowing,
Bright as those apples divine in the garden of Hesperus growing.
They are shielded with armor of leaves, small of the pygmies bore,
When against armies of cranes they were waging relentless war.

NASTURTIUM SONG.

List, nasturtium fine,
Brilliant, blossoming vine,
Not too thickly,
Not too quickly,
Up and upward twine.
Aiai, aiai, ai '94.
Aiai, aiai, bold Sophomore!

O nasturtium sweet,
This I would repeat,
Moderation
In thy station
Is a lesson meet.
Io, io, O '94!
Io, io, pity well thine oar!

In the heat of the middle summer, when the shrill cicada cries,
And in the deep shade of the forest, like candles, the tall flowers rise,

When at noon the partridge calls out among the long meadow grasses,
And at windless sunset the sea like an endless sea of glass is,
Then the hedges and garden-walls with pennant and flag are gay
Swung out by the sweet-pea vines, like a conqueror on his way.

SWEET-PEA SONG.

Lavender sweet Pea,
Loved by honey-bee,
Humbly learning,
Thou art earning
Privileges free,
Iai, aiai, ai '95!
The little, naive, dear '95.

Sweet Pea, fresh and fair,
Scenting all the air,
Banner-flinging,
Courage-bringing,
Thou art blithe and rare.
Io, io, O '95!
O, nobly strive, O '95.

The voices of earth are many, the whispering of grass and of sedge
The laughter of brooks, the lisping of waves, the waterfall's shout on the ledge,
The voices of earth are many, but one above all profound
The voice of the wind in the oaks, in Dodona's god-haunted ground.
The leaves are the lips that speak of the wind by a soul possessed.
Saying, *Truth, for the Truth, sky-born Truth be your quest, your unwearying quest.*

OAK SONG.

Murmurous was the mighty forest
Of the myriad whispering oak
Dusky-dim when dawning broke,
Shadow-folded for a cloak
Was the forest of the oak;
And where nameless winds awoke
Mystic voices moaned and spoke
In the forest of the oak.

Mystic voices of Dodona
Leaves with more than human soul
Secrets of the starry pole.
Ecstacy they knew and dole,
Hidden from the human soul,
And the future's furthest goal
Writ not on Assyrian scroll,
Hidden from the human soul.

Florence Wilkinson.

ORATION.

It is not necessary for me to point out to you our chosen emblems. You see us marching under the lavender and white. Our sycamore itself tells the world just why we chose it. The sweet-pea carries her head more proudly since she is our queen. And "Ich dien" I serve, explains itself.

Entering in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-two we resemble a drama which was enacted just four centuries ago. In many ways we recall the old pioneers. We too had visions and dreamed dreams of a bright and beautiful land where all would be pleasure. We were haunted by pictures of life in such a place. Liberty of thought and action beckoned us, until it seemed as if this must prove the haven of happiness for which we were in search.

We, like Columbus, had much difficulty in persuading the world of the truth and need of our expedition. Our friends were long in realizing that a new world was open to us, and when we had gained believers in our cause we had the unknown seas to pass with their terrible rocks and shoals. We were tossed at the mercy of wind and wave. Storms drove us nearly on the rocks. Many times we were disheartened and almost turned back, but a stubborn purpose led us on. Finally, after much wandering we sighted land, a bright, beautiful land, all loveliness from afar. We were conveyed to shore in a yellow barge, a rude contrivance belonging solely to this part of the country, I believe. We were graciously received by the natives, a strange people, kindly yet critical, friendly yet suspicious. But life was not all pleasure. There were many hardships too. It was difficult to get accustomed to the ways and manners of a new people, and the natives were not always kind, sometimes they proved hard taskmasters. There were four tribes among them, living, apparently, on friendly terms, one of which

was looked upon with awe, and treated with the utmost respect. The others differed slightly in rank, and strangest of all they considered us beneath them. We mean to better matters in time and to prove to them their mistakes. As the fall came and the weather grew bleak and cold, affairs wore a more serious aspect. Occasional warning words were dropped which conveyed little to our minds as they were in an unknown tongue, but the ominous sound "mid-years" carried terror with it, and a dull foreboding of coming evil filled our souls. After three weeks of absolute peace an open outbreak came, and on the lips of all were heard the dread sounds "mid-years", "exams." For a time we feared that we would be forced to return, but we determined to succeed and to show the world that we had not made a failure of our expedition. We struggled nobly and we won. A treaty was made and since life has been most glad. We are encouraged to persevere in our undertaking. Occasionally we hear those mysterious sounds but they can never so terrify us again as we have learned some of the tactics of this strange people. We have with us now a little band who give promise of many more in the autumn who will come bringing reinforcements, while others who have seen every phase of this life, go abroad to tell the world of the grand possibilities here open to all.

Look about you and in a moment behold America in her infancy. It is the year 1492 and this land is in possession of theIndians,the Norwegian invaders having returned to their homes. Then see the Spanish, the English, the French, a little later the Dutch, the Puritans, the Negroes, the Quakers, all come thronging to the new world and taking up their places along the coast until at last they are merged into the modern Americans.

Through the whole panorama see the whites driving back the Red Man until he gradually disappears into the forest shades, overcome not solely by warlike weapons but by the more potent powers of civilization and education.

Elzabeth Hale Peal.

PRESENTATION OF SPADE.

"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread." It is a holy moment when the babe's first word falls upon the mother's ear, yet the fool intrudes; in the faces of ignorance and wisdom alike he shakes his bells; yea he even dares to stay for a moment the advancing tide of civilization.

And why? ye are his brothers, everyone. Do you boast yourselves "children of the soil?" The fool was there before you. The fool is an aboriginine everywhere, go where you will, if man breathes there, you will find a fool.

Marry, tell me, what is the difference between a wise man and a fool? Go to your Platos (take a lexicon with you). What says the Sage? "He is wise who knows he is a fool." Ha! Ha! Behold the wise!

Savages, the fool has a tear for you. I too once loved liberty, but they've whipped it all out of me, they've whipped it all out! Poor fool! Poor fool! Faith, you roam your forests now without a chain (or at least you feel none) but, Redskins, you too will surrender your liberty, when you become fools!

To you, whites, the fool is doubly akin, for the fool is a villain too, and robs better men of their rights—to be fools.

I know all about you, I was in the council of Salamanca (behind the Bishop's chair) when your case came up. They asked a string of questions and laughed at the idea of your ever reaching the glorious land. I had my own opinion, but "the fool, more's the the pity, cannot speak wisely what wise men do foolishly."

By my honor, you look as if you had had a stormy passage. They say your quarters were

crowded. I suppose that was the reason you threw so many overboard in mid-sea, or was it from a scarcity of provisions?

A pretty panic you had, when the compass would not work and you did not know whether you were headed for the new land—or home. I hope you had a fool there to cheer you, to tell you how few who start ever reach the haven, and how easy it is to live under bad conditions. In truth you would say then, "I'd rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad."

I understand you have made a great many discoveries already, but you have more to make. When you first came, you remember you did not understand the uses of things very well. There was one thing you thought was a sort of a patent medicine good for everything; good to assign your quarters (or change them!) good to advise, good to weep on—good even to preside at your first class meeting! But you learned! you learned!

Yea, what a vast surprise was this land of liberty to you. Will you ever forget the day when you carried to the office for inspection the first letter home? and do you recall your gentle, wide-eyed wonder, when told that letters were only mailed, not inspected there?

About those sheets, too, — why, even a fool knows its own! By the way, I hope they were not hurt by the water?

And have you found out yet what keys are for? They are very useful, you know, to keep doors shut — better even than muscle.

I'm a bit of a discoverer myself, (I have found out the properties of caustic potash and some other things this year), but invention is better than discovery, and, in establishing the custom of inviting parents to the fools' reception, you have been more progressive than the fools themselves. If the precedent is followed, the fools' reception will soon be as proper as a junior prom. from two to five.

Your march has been straight onward. Only one backward step have you taken, and for that our campus will be everlastingly grateful to you. It was a graceful concession; therefore we beg you not to be offended, if we offer you the instrument of your one retraction. It is no ill-omened symbol. Prudence is as noble a virtue as courage, even in those who set out to discover and civilize, and we feel that the accumulated meaning of this ancient instrument has been made richer by your noble deed.

To use this spade well, two things are needed, muscle and discretion. The latter you have proved that you possess, not only in your deference to opinion in this matter of the planting, but in weightier matters also. For instance, what unusual good sense did you show in choosing for your leader one who had the benefit of our companionship and instruction for a year, who knows so well our tastes and preferences, who, in fact, belongs to us in all but name. To such discretion, we feel that we can intrust this spade.

Muscle we hope you will gain. By my knavery, you have struggled nobly for it since that meeting with the fools which showed you your need. You are still a boat-length behind us, but you are gaining. To the promise of muscle in you, we dare intrust this spade.

Yea, in savage hands we confidently place this gentle weapon, believing that habits of industry will drive out savage instincts and direct into legitimate channels the energy of youth.

We have hope for you, and because of this hope we have dared to defend as well as to discipline you. While you, true to your impassive Indian blood, sat silent in the great assembly — silent, while others tossed your name back and forth — the fool rose to defend you.

All this and much more we dared, because we believe that "blood is thicker than water" and that, do what you will, you belong to the world-wide family of fools.

RECEPTION OF SPADE.

Straight from our leafy forests have we come, oh ye strange and worthy assembly of fools, to receive from your hands this spade, the emblem of our work. You have used it well indeed, not a vestige of rust clings to its shining metal, and a broad expanse of education's soil has been overturned by your faithful delving. We receive it with the hope that it may have as good treatment and as constant use while in our possession.

Since first we came to these fair shores, we have been kindly treated by the different tribes. Little did our ancestors dream when they paddled their canoes over Waban's shining waters, or made the woods resound with their war-cries, that this place was destined to become one of learning for their despised squaws who then carried water for their lordly selves. But now for themselves do the squaws carry water, and the braves—where are the braves?

Though generally looked upon as a despised and brow-beaten race, we have, as I have said, received kind treatment from you all. Though once, when our mighty chiefs did sit in council for the first time, and did come around the camp-fire to choose one from our midst who should be our leader, then a hostile tribe did try to overpower us. But the spirit of our ancestors arose within us, old Waban himself seemed to urge us on, and nobly did we repel them. Then chose we our leader, one most fitted to rule us, one who had gone as an advance scout over the unknown lands which we were entering, one familiar with them, and therefore most nobly fitted to lead us through them.

Today that tribe appears before us in a strange guise. Were we not so fully acquainted with their true character, we might almost be justified in thinking it were no disguise.

Oh brothers! Is this what lies before us Are we to bear the stripes and lashes which may be laid upon us with the skipping and the dancing of a fool? Nay, rather let us bear them with the stoicism of our Indian hero, as becomes us.

Still, with all their skipping, and dancing, and prating merry nonsense, they have passed successfully the year whose many moons are waning for them, but for us are waxing.

So do you, fools though ye are, who have made a successful voyage over the unknown waters on which we are about to launch our barks, instruct us how to steer our canoes over its stormy waves and calm seas, and how to arrive safe at the haven where you are now anchored.

And, oh, be kind to this our tree, the sturdy sycamore; let no adverse winds assail it, let no tennis balls, or any other of the blighting influences that surround the life of a young tree come near it. For soon, we hope, it will spread aloft its stately branches, and strike its roots deep into the fertile soil. And as it grows, there will grow also in the hearts of our tribes the hope that, though they may not always be able to take to heart the advice of our kind friends, the fools, they may, by the diligent use of this instrument, reach that higher stage of civilization known by the loyal children of Wellesley.

TREE DAY.

Sunshine at last rewarded the anxious weather watchers, and the Tree Day exercises postponed from Friday were announced for Saturday afternoon. The hospitable oaks in front of the north door welcomed again the faculty, Tree Day's faithful and only guests, and gave them pleasant shade while waiting for the first of the seven hundred. '96 came first as a band of Italian girls, Contadinas, the gay red skirts, velvet jackets and ornaments of coin all offering a very becoming effect to

the dark haired group. Not one golden or brown head among the tambourine players, every one straight from Italy, be sure!

The dainty peasant maidens were no sooner seated than a cry came from the opposite direction. "Make way for my Lord Mayor" and across the green marched a stalwart band of Englishmen of four centuries ago. Wellesley blue predominated in the costume, while flashes of red here and there and the banners bearing the letters W. and S. proclaimed the presence of the Wellesley Specials.

But what meant all the foolery, dancing and tumbling around the library corner? Wise fools indeed, Sophomores, honest as the day. The mass of this company was dressed in the colors of the willow, silver shoes, ribbons and bells giving a sheen to the pale green costumes. A few of the chief clowns and tumblers spent their energy in wild dances about their sedate and imposing class officers. These wore the dark red and yellow colors of the nasturtium and added a flavor of richness and dignity to the appearance of the class.

After the merry song and cries of the fools had died away, a vision of white and gold dazzled the eyes of the spectators. The '93 spirits captured last year by the gnomes and made to dig and delve appeared now glorified as messengers of the gods Walküren. Following their radiant leader the white draped figures, shining in the gold of helmet, corsage, spear and shield divided their numbers, forming a long line on each side the centre green. Here they awaited the coming of the New World. A vast company of every tongue and tribe, '95 swept down upon the scene. Foremost came Liberty, under the stars and stripes. Then the motley throng advanced, Indians, Norwegians, Spaniards, French, English, Dutch, Pilgrims and Puritans, Negroes, Quakers and Modern Americans, displaying, one could hardly say adorned with, the signs and symbols of modern inventions and industries.

After the cheers for this noble company, softly up the glen from the campus came the notes of '92's song. Grandly and sedately caps and gowns passed through the ranks of Walküren and took their places before the oak-shaded portico. '92's mistress of ceremonies, Miss Alice Dransfield, introduced in turn the welcoming president, the eloquent orator and the witty adviser of undergraduates, all of whom were enthusiastically received. A hush fell over the audience as the classic-robed poet came forward.

In a moment came strains of music and a chorus of Greek maidens dressed in the colors of the last five classes appeared in front of the porch. Would that words or photographs could picture to us again the grace, beauty and color of the exquisite dance that followed.

The poem we may read and re-read, but the dancing maidens can remain only in the memory of those who saw and heard.

One of the most effective scenes of the day was the procession of the classes in turn which wound up and down the campus passing around the oak and the white birch and halting beside the sycamore. The varied colors and the large numbers made a beautiful spectacle.

The orator of '95, in lavender cap and gown, welcomed the guests, and then a witty fool presented the time honored spade to a noble savage. Presently with war whoops that did one's heart good, a tribe of savages marched down the terrace and brandishing tomahawks and knives executed a war dance in the midst of the spectators.

The drama of '92 was begun. To the shores of America now stepped with cautious tread the Norwegian explorers. After skirmishes with the Indians they were obliged to retreat to their homs. Christopher Columbus then advanced leading in a court of Spanish

ladies, who keeping step to music and handling their trains with care, gave a very novel air to the idea of exploration. The Indians showed no hostility, Columbus planted the Spanish flag in the earth, the Spanish ladies prostrating themselves, kissed the ground and a colony was established.

Time and space forbid a detailed account of the graces of the French courtiers and ladies of the Virginian colony, of the quaint Dutch settlers in their wooden shoes and Gretchen braids, of the decorous Pilgrims and Puritans, and the sedate Quakers with their peace-making William Penn. We must mention the negroes in the wild dance, now picking cotton on the old plantation, now whipped by their cruel masters, now rolling gleefully on the grass in the joy of being alive.

America finally was populated. In a moment years had rolled away, some of the first settlers had disappeared, modern America was before us. Liberty on a pedestal was closely surrounded by the inhabitants of the western reservation. The great circle of Americans suddenly formed themselves into the five points of the star. Pantomime then followed in which the phases of our present civilization were displayed. Education, agriculture, industries, trade, commerce and inventions. Every costume was a study in itself. In the midst of modern improvements and conveniences, the College book store was not forgotten. At last the merry fete was over, class songs, cheers and the taking of photographs occupied the remaining time before tea, and then the classes separated, the Alumnæ going to Simpson, '92 to Norumbega, '93 to College Hall, '94 to Freeman, '95 and '96 to Stone Hall and the Specials to Wood. Later in the evening, College Hall was the rendezvous of all. Dancing and singing and merriment were not over before ten o'clock. The seniors then had the last rights and ceremonies of the happy day, each College House, Waban and Eliot not neglected, were cheered and serenaded until nearly midnight.

Long live '92! Long live Tree Day.

COLLEGE NOTES.

COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

Recital by the Graduates of the School of Music, June 16th, 7.45 p. m.

President's Reception to Senior Class, June 18th, 8 p. m.

Baccalaureate Sermon, Sunday, June 19th, 4 p. m. Bishop Cyrus D. Foss.

Concert, June 20th, 7.45 p. m.

Commencement, June 21st, 3 p. m. Orator, Rev. Philip Stafford Moxom. Reception, 7 p. m.

Alumnæ dinner, June 22nd.

The Agora held its last meeting last Saturday evening. The following program was given :

STATE GOVERNMENT.

Qualifications for Voting, Miss S. S. Hawley
Ballot Reform, Miss Bixby
The Executive Department should be represented in the Legislature.
Affirmative, Miss Cattell, Miss Kellogg
Negative, Miss Mann, Miss Damon
Divorce Laws, Miss Palmer
Practical Workings of Prohibition, Miss Peterson
Position of Women, Miss Parkes

REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION.

At this meeting Phi Sigma and Shakespeare gave cordial recognition and welcome to this new society by flowers.

The Shakespeare Society held its annual election Friday evening, June 3. The list of

officers is as follows: President, Miss Caroline Mudgett: vice-president, Miss Elizabeth White: recording secretary, Miss Caroline Randolph: corresponding secretary, Miss Nancy Fuller: treasurer, Miss Mary Lincoln: factotums, Miss Edith Crapo, Miss Millicent Peirce: keeper of the wardrobe, Miss Caroline Newman.

Miss Elizabeth Kellogg and Miss Marian Mitchell, formerly of '93, and Miss Adelaide Miller, formerly of '94, are spending the last weeks of the College year in the village.

Miss Bertha Brush, formerly of '93, visited at the College last week.

AULD ACQUAINTANCE.

On Saturday, May 28th, a meeting of the Boston Wellesley Club was held at Hotel Thorndike. The day was pleasant and thirty-three of Wellesley's former students availed themselves of this opportunity to hear the college news and meet their friends for a social hour. Miss Edith True, the president of the club, presided. Miss Laura Jones gave the events of general interest which have happened at Wellesley during the latter half of the present year. Among the many items of news, she mentioned the new courses to be offered next year and the actual and anticipated changes in the boating arrangements. The president then asked the members for an informal expression of their wishes in regard to the future of the club. A very general response followed. Nearly all felt the desirability of keeping the meetings of an informal and largely social nature. It was suggested that one meeting during each year might be made more distinctly literary; or that the club might have, at each meeting, a brief presentation of some subject which would interest all, as Wellesley students. It seemed the wish of all to postpone definite action until more consideration had been given the subject, and after a light lunch and an hour spent making new and renewing old acquaintances, the club adjourned until October, when a meeting will be held at the College.

On June 3rd, a generous giver offered to contribute the amount necessary to reduce the Norumbega Fund to one thousand dollars ($1000), provided the whole amount should be raised on or before Alumnæ Day. As the greatest possible effort is being made to bring about this result, any persons who intend to contribute, or are willing to give pledges, will confer a great favor by communicating at once with the treasurer, Miss Helen J. Sanborn, 383 Broadway, Somerville, Mass.

Miss Elizabeth Slater, '88, has accepted the position of Professor of Greek at Mt. Holyoke college.

The address of Miss Grace A. Pierce, '91, is Longwood, Florida.

Miss Emily Meader, '91, has been teaching English and Latin in the classical department of the Providence High School.

The address of Miss Mary A. Fuller, '84, is Collinsville, Illinois.

Miss Mollie Weiss, '90, is teaching in Allendale, N. J., at Miss F. de Z. Patton's private school.

Miss Theodora W. Dudley, '91, is teaching in Litchfield, Conn.

Miss Minnie Baldwin, Special '90-'91, is teaching free-hand drawing in Yankton College, South Dakota.

Miss Mabel C. Hawes, '91, has been teaching in the High School at Burlington, Vermont.

Miss Kate W. Hitchcock, '85, has been teaching German and French in the High School, Kalamazoo, Michigan.

BORN.

In Pullman, Ill., Jan. 9th, a daughter to Mrs. Florence Runnells Bryant, '83.

In Rockester, N. Y., April 15th, a daughter, Dorothy, to Mrs. Nettie Parker McCauley, '88.

MARRIED.

GRIFFITH—RABB.—In Rochester, N. Y., May 19th, Miss May Josephine Griffith '88, to Rev. Robert Morris Rabb.

MORSE—RICHARDSON—At Marlborough, Mass., May 12th, Mary Hubbard Morse, '83-'87, to Dr. William S. Richardson.

WALKER—PORTER—At Alstead, N. H., June 2nd, Mary A. Walker, '89, to George Porter.

WHITNEY—CUNNINGHAM—In Oakland, Cal., June 6th, Stephanie Whitney, '87-'88, to Seymour Cunningham.

Springer Bros.,

MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS

OF

Ladies' Outside Garments,

Carriage Wraps, Opera Cloaks,

Capes, Jackets

Newmarkets,

Fur Capes, Jackets and Circulars.

500 WASHINGTON ST.,

(Corner Bedford),

BOSTON.

A liberal discount allowed to Students and Teachers.

COWDREY'S DEVILED HAM

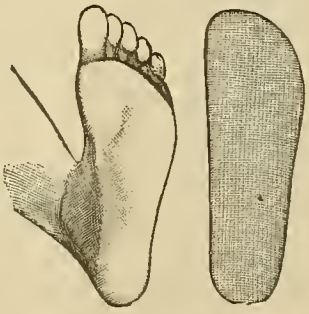
"A Most Delicate Preparation."

A half-pound can of Cowdrey's Deviled Ham, Tongue, Chicken or Turkey, will each make twenty-five delicious sandwiches by simply spreading the meat upon thin slices of bread that is at least one day old.

Send Postage Stamp for "Tid Bit Receipts."

E. T. COWDREY CO., Boston, Mass.

Waukenhose



The New Shape.

Crowding the toes into the pointed end of the old style stocking causes ingrowing nails, corns, bunions and unshapely feet.

Causes that hole in your stocking where the big toe pushes through.

Waukenhose are the **Most Durable** and the **Only Comfortable** hose, because they allow the toes their natural positions. **Sold by Dealers or by Mail.**

Men's Fine cotton three prs. or Soft Lisle four prs. for $1.00.

Women's Balbriggan or black cotton two prs. for $1.00.

WAUKENHOSE CO., 76 Chauncy St., Boston, Mass.

THE BEST

COLUMBIA LADIES' SAFETY

Price, $135.00,

with Pneumatic Tires, $150.00

Send two two cent stamps for Catalogue.

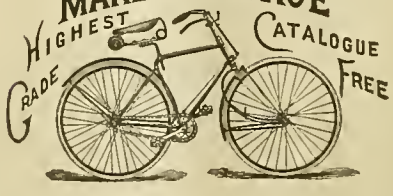
Pope Manufacturing Company,

221 COLUMBUS AVENUE.

BRANCH HOUSES:
12 Warren St., New York. 291 Wabash Ave., Chicago.
Factory, Hartford, Conn.

VICTORS MAKE THE PACE

HIGHEST GRADE CATALOGUE FREE



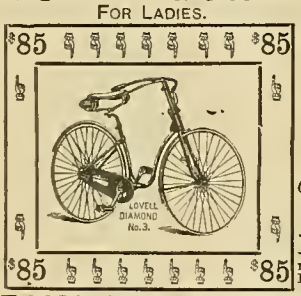
Why go to Boston to purchase a Wheel when you can buy the Victor or any first-class Wheel of

E. P. BURNHAM,

25 Park Street, Newton.

Renting a specialty to responsible parties,

FOR LADIES.



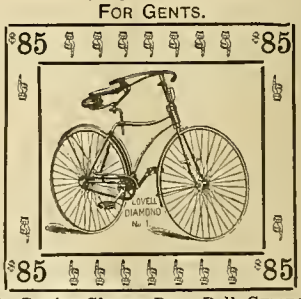
LOVELL DIAMOND SAFETIES

For Ladies and Gents.

Catalogue free. Six styles. Strictly high grade in every particular. No better machines made at any price.

DIAMOND FRAME, Steel Drop Forgings, Steel Tubing. Adjustable Ball Bearings to all running parts. Finest material money can buy. Enamel and nickel.

FOR GENTS.



IF YOU WANT a Gun, Rifle, Revolver, Fishing Tackle, Cutlery, Bicycle, Boxing Glovee, Base Ball, Gymnasium, Skatee, Police Goods, ☞ Send six cents in stamps for 100-page Illustrated Catalogue.

JOHN P. LOVELL ARMS CO.,

147 WASHINGTON STREET (Cor. Brattle), BOSTON, MASS.

The most **beautifully Watermarked** and **finest quality** note paper for Ladies use is

Hurlbut's Author's Linen.

A life like picture of either Longfellow, Whittier, Bryant, or Emerson appears in each sheet. It is a new thing just being placed in the hands of all leading stationers.

Hurlbut Paper Mfg. Co.

SOUTH LEE, MASS.

Students Intending to Teach

in secondary schools, will find it to their advantage to work with experienced teachers this Summer at the **Martha's Vineyard Summer Institute.**

Special Attention will be given to Class Room Methods.

I. B. BURGESS, Boston Latin School, *Latin.*
F. M. BRONSON, Cornell University, *Greek.*
J. W. MacDONALD, Stoneham (Mass.) High School, *Mathematics*

For a Large Circular, Address MR. BURGESS as above.